

WEEKLY



VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

No. 30]

SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1805.

[Whole No. 134

THE TRIUMPH OF NATURE.

OR,

THE ADVENTURE OF A JOURNEY.

THE Archer's melancholy month had already announced Winter with his hoary locks. Adieu to the smiling meads, the shady woods, and meandering streams. The chilling air

'His robe a mist, his voice a storm,'

reigned tremendous over ravaged nature. It was now necessary to seek the town, that tumultuous scene, where all the passions ferment, and seem, with their impure breath, to taint the ambient air. I left, with regret, the rural walks where six months had elapsed like a single summer's-day. In my journey I stopped in the evening at an inn, in which I intended to sleep. Seated near a large fire, and warming my benumbed hands, I perceived a young woman enter, whose person was uncommonly attracting; with a simplicity in her dress that was enobled by a certain undescribable elegance in her manner. She held in her arms a small bundle which she pressed gently to her bosom. Scarcely was she seated near me, when she opened it, and I saw one of the

most beautiful infants I had ever beheld.

This scene, tho' natural and common, struck me forcibly from the charms, the nobleness, and the dignity of the person that represented it. Respectful admirer of maternal tenderness, I contemplated the picture, for some time, with silent pleasure, I felt myself inspired rather by a tender interest than by mere curiosity; and I ventured to enquire whence she came, and whether she had still to proceed far with such a burthen.—

This is not a burthen, answered the lovely mother: My child is too dear to me to feel heavy in my arms; nor will they cease to carry him, till I have the sweet satisfaction of giving him to my husband. I long for that happy moment. But if it be still distant, courageous hope shall enable me to wait for it with fortitude.—

These words, uttered with vehemence, excited the desire of knowing more of her. I questioned her with that respect and delicacy, which the voice and air of rectitude inspire. She answered me, at first, with hesitation; but in my manner of speaking, perhaps there was something that insensibly engaged her confidence, for she soon spoke to me with a charming frankness, tempered however, by unaffected modesty.

You will easily perceive, said she, by my accent, that I am not of this province. I am a native of *****. I lost my mother very early. When I arrived at that age in which every thing appears attractive, and in which vanity perhaps would whisper, that I myself was so, I found a variety of eyes that seemed desirous of fixing mine: and among these were two to whom it became requisite to give an answer. It was impossible to help it; for, in looking at them, I fancied I saw felicity sparkling in them with a pure flame which soon kindled one in my heart. We perfectly understood each other. Our hearts soon formed but one; and being obliged to conceal our mutual passion, it became but the more violent.

My parents were in opulent circumstances, but of a despotic temper. My lover was young, handsome, sensible and virtuous; but his fortune was far inferior to mine; and thus circumstanced, it was impossible to expect the consent of my parents.

A rich man, without either personal accomplishments or any good qualities, demanded me in marriage of my father, as one would cheapen a toy that happened to hit the fancy. This match appeared so advantageous, that my tears could procure me two days only to consider of it. I consulted my lover; and I said to him, I see that death only can free me from the orders of a father who

seems rather to thunder than to command. What is to be done?—

Fly, said he; if you love me, flight is necessary. Other countries will afford us an asylum against tyranny. God has given us hearts made for each other and we will confide in his providence. Come: henceforth my arm must guide your steps, and protect you.

His voice was endued with an irresistible charm. Love lent to us his wings, and his imprudence also. In our infatuation, we should have been, I believe, to the very end of the world, if the want of money had not unexpectedly stopped us. We were astonished, we looked at each other; and already indebted in the place where you see me, we were not permitted to leave it.

At the first town to which we came after I had left my father's house, we had been united in the tender bands of wedlock. I was by this time pregnant with the child which is so charming in your eyes and mine. What a situation for a mother, for a husband! In this deplorable state he recollected that he had an uncle, of whose beneficence and humanity he had heard much praise. He held a very lucrative post, not far from this country.

Canst thou permit me, said he, to depart alone, in order to move this relation to succor us? For I shall die with shame and grief for the state to which I have reduced thee. The labor of my hands would now be insufficient. Remain here as an hostage, and fear nothing.—

Go, said I, bedewing him with my tears; can I doubt a moment of your heart? He left me. For three months past, I have received not the least intelligence of him. Others might suspect his fidelity; but this dreadful thought I have never harbored. My husband is not dead; for heaven is righteous. I know not where he is; but I expect him every day. Nevertheless, I have been left to all the pains of child-birth, far from a sight so dear, which would have mitigated them. He has not yet seen his son; he has not yet caressed him. O heavens! in what anxiety must he be plunged! In whatever situation he is, he must suffer, and the idea of his sufferings increases mine. It is true, I want nothing here; the people

of the house have interested themselves in my fate; they have not suspected my honor, my integrity; but the birth of this child has augmented my debts. How irksome it is to owe such services to the compassion of others! What would be my despair if religion did not support me! I weep when I kiss my child, to think that the first food he receives is from the favor of others. I tremble, lest my misfortunes, which have marked his infancy, may accompany him to the end of his days. Gracious God, the protector of innocence, have compassion upon him. My husband, when he set out, conjured me to wait for him here, not to leave this place, and particularly not to disquiet myself, whatever delay might happen. I confide in his word, as in the voice of heaven itself. But, alas! most people look with averted eye upon the unfortunate. They are cruelly ingenious in imputing their misfortunes to faults. The pity of some men is so insulting, so barbarous—I observe that here they begin to be tired of the succor they afford me; they enquire why I have not received any news from my husband, if he is to come soon. I know not what to answer. All are astonished at my fortitude; but not one of them has my heart.

During this interesting recital I preserved an attentive silence.

Ah! continued she, in a more animated tone, were he living he would be at my side; but this child, in whom I embrace, in whom I fancy I see him, this child is the tie that still attaches me to hope and to life.—

She then tenderly kissed the sweet infant, regarding it for some moments with those inexpressible looks in which are displayed the energy of nature. With a modest grace she placed her child's head under her handkerchief, that it suck the more freely. How exquisitely beautiful was she then! I have seen the majesty of kings seated upon their thrones; that of a mother in this august duty is far more worthy of my homage.

On a sudden a young man in disorder, hastily enters: he flies into the arms of this tender mother, who utters a piercing cry; he keeps her long folded to his heart. It is unnecessary to enquire who this is. Speechless with as-

tonishment and tenderness, she presents to him his son, that son whom hitherto he had not seen. When he took the child into his arms, he could no longer refrain; he lifted up his eyes to heaven and tears trickled down his cheeks. But who can describe his emotions? who can paint his various, his pathetic expression of them?

The spectators (for by this time the people of the house were apprised of his arrival) were all affected by this scene. I participated with them in the exquisite delight. At length the desire of conversing with more freedom, led the virtuous pair to their chamber. The young man supported his wife, whose strength seemed exhausted by the excess of joy.

I retired to my own chamber, which I soon found was adjoining to that of the young couple. A door, badly nailed up and slightly covered with tapestry, permitted me to hear their voices very distinctly. An involuntary sentiment led me irresistibly to listen.

Ah! my dearest wife! said the young man, with an impassioned voice, how exquisite the joy to see you again, to clasp you in these arms! But, alas! how ill fated is our love! Can you yet have the fortitude to support our destiny? Can you have the resolution to hear me?—Speak, said she, without fear: two hours ago I was the most wretched of women: I am now the happiest. You live; you love me; our child sleeps between us. A new existence animates my heart. What can I desire more? If inhuman relations deny subsistence to us, we will demand it of the whole earth. We will engage in the service of masters, whose tyranny will be confined at least to the enjoyment of the fruit of our labor. We shall have the liberty to love, to live, to labor and to die together.

O heavens! resumed the young man, are people blest with riches only to be unjust? I flew to that uncle, in whom I had hoped to find a father: he was already prepossessed against me by yours. He reproached me with having violated the most sacred laws, with having dishonored his name, and with meriting the severest punishment. He added, that she whom I had the audacity to carry off, should never be my wife; that her father would take measures to

annul an illegal marriage; and that he himself would do his utmost to second them.

In vain did I answer mildly to these unjust reproaches. In vain did I describe our love, pure, innocent, imprudent perhaps, but virtuous. In vain did I urge the difference between parental authority and parental despotism. He was inexorable; and I was about to leave this cruel uncle for ever, when he rung the bell, and ordered his servants to seize, and convey to prison I was there rigorously confined. I was offered my liberty, but on condition of discovering your retreat. All their persuasions, all their menaces were in vain. Nothing could extort the secret from me. My firmness was even strengthened by my sufferings; but I suffered for you, and that idea, that idea only mitigated the horrors of my captivity.

They ceased, for some time to persecute me. The man, who brought me my food, seemed to be interested in my fate. He offered his services to me, and would have engaged me to confide to his care a letter which I had written: but I could never bring myself to write the address. To convince you, said he, of the sincerity of my attachment to you, I will, this very evening, procure you the means of escaping, provided you will act with caution.—

I embraced him as my deliverer; and, the night following, I was enabled to fly to you. I have walked for three days together without rest. I have been almost overcome by fatigue; but love recruited my strength. I have forgotten all, my dearest wife, now that I repose with you and my sweet child, and yet, (must I confess it?) my love is not without anxiety. I have some gloomy apprehensions, that I was permitted to escape, that they might trace my steps, and discover your retreat.

On the first day of my departure, I observed a post-chaise at a distance, which took the same road that I did. Let us fly, my beloved; let us hasten from this place by break of day, and find some asylum where providence may protect us from our persecutors.

But how can we leave this place, answered the young wife, when we are detained here by a debt which we cannot discharge?—

I would obviate this objection, but by a method to which you would never consent.—Speak.—I am apprehensive for you alone. If you are found in this place we are lost to each other for ever. Fly, with my son; conceal yourself in some place where you may be unknown. I will remain here, to be answerable for the sum. I will sell, if it be necessary, my cloathes, and the few effects we have left. Perhaps I may acquire the friendship of some generous heart, that may be touched by the recital of our misfortunes. I will then fly to you, and we never will part more. But our first care must be to secure you from the pursuit of your father, whose intention is to immure you for life in a nunnery. Nevertheless, if your heart cannot resolve to quit me, remain here: we will die together.—

No, replied she, I shall be the cause of your ruin. I cannot hope to soften an enraged and irritated father. I will fly, the better to secure our liberty and happiness.—

Thus determined, this virtuous pair sunk into that peaceful and refreshing sleep, which even when surrounded by danger, the innocent can enjoy.

(To be concluded in our next.)

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF MR. COOPER.

IN America, where business is every one's occupation, but few remarkable characters have appeared, and scarcely a biographer has been found to distinguish those few, before the world. However congenial the mystery of money making may be with a cheerful evenness of temper, it is certainly inimical to genius; and where the opulent lounge would foster, the man of trade frowns on the efforts of imagination. Our luxuries are exotic, our entertainments imported, our public spectacles more or less excellent as they approach the European models, of which they are the distant imitations. The barrenness of our literary domain is not therefore to be wondered at; nor where the soil, though so rank has been hitherto so uncultivated, should it surprise, that when a native plant has sprung up, its virtues have not been recorded, or when a foreign one transplanted, has

thriven, though its qualities may have been used and enjoyed, they have not been sufficiently made known, or justly appreciated. The writer of the following memoir, is among the earliest in this country, to attempt the delineation of a living character, and the subject one of the most eminent of those, whose walks of life, have not been political, that have presented themselves to the biographer. The undertaking is made with that diffidence, which respect for the public voice and the magnitude of a biographical attempt inspire; the writer's motto is "*Neminem libenter nominem, nisi ut laudem; sed nec peccata reprehenderem nisi ut aliis prodessem.*"

Mr. Cooper was born about the year 1777, of reputable parents: His father was a surgeon, and acquired considerable property in the East under Warren Hastings' Indian administration—but of the greater part, if not all of this, his widow and children were at his death, which was abroad, defrauded and left destitute. When nine years old, Cooper was taken, out of friendship to his family, and in some sort adopted by Mr. Godwin, the well known author of the Essay on Political Justice, by whom he was educated and intended for a writer, and no doubt inducted into the visionary democratical sentiments of his instructor. He is probably one of the very few, who have been apprenticed to authorship; and as it is impossible to determine the bent and much more so the soundness and strength of a mind so young, it is somewhat remarkable that a man of Godwin's understanding should train a boy to write books, before it was certain he could ever be induced to read them.

What Mr. Godwin's particular method of education was, we do not know and though when his opinions are adverted to, it should seem it was not a system of restraint, yet when Cooper's readiness on most subjects is considered with his negligent habits, for some years past, a belief cannot be impressed, that the foundation laid, was of its kind, a good one.

Such a pupil to such a master must have been roused and delighted by the French revolution. Cooper was scarcely seventeen when his enthusiasm prompted him to relinquish the pen for the sword, and to seek a commission in the armies of the great Republic, the just sprouting sensitive, and uncertain lau-

rels of the author were blasted—ivies and mural crowns, ovations, and *sabres d'honneur* were much more glittering, and accordingly it was already determined that he should engage for the banners of liberty and confusion, when the war broke out between England and France and clouded the brilliant prospects of military promotion and renown in the cause of liberty.—Then it was he turned his attention to the stage, and communicated his wishes to his benefactor; they were received with coldness and regret, and not till some time assented to, and then with decided disapprobation. His intention however being found invincible, Mr. Holcroft undertook to give him some preparatory lessons. When he was thought sufficiently prepared many difficulties occurred, before a suitable place could be found for his first appearance; at last Mr. Stephen Kemble offered his auspices and Edinburgh was concluded on. The writer of this sketch has heard Mr. Cooper describe with great pleasantry his first interview with the Scotch manager; he was at that time a raw country youth of seventeen. On his arrival in Edinburgh, little conscious of his appearance and incompetency, he waited on Mr. Kemble, made up in the extreme of rustic foppery, proud of his talents, and little doubting his success.

When he mentioned his name and errand, Mr. Kemble's countenance changed from a polite smile to the stare of disappointment. Cooper had been prepared for young Norval; but he was obliged to exchange all his expected eclat for a few cold excuses from the manager and the chagrin of seeing some nights after, his part filled by an old man and a bad player. During the remainder of the season he continued with Stephen Kemble without ever appearing.

From Edinburgh he went with the company to Newcastle upon Tyne, here he lived as dependent, inactive and undistinguished as before, till, owing to the want of a proper person to fill the part of Malcolm in Macbeth he was cast to that humble character—in so inferior a sphere did he begin to move who is now become one of the brightest luminaries of the theatrical hemisphere. His *debut* was even less flattering than his reception from the manager had been. Till the last scene he passed through tolerably well, but when he

came to the lines, which concluded the play,

"So thanks to all at once, and to each one
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone"

after stretching out his hands and assuming the smile and attitude of thankfulness, slight embarrassment checked him, and he paused, still keeping his posture and look—the prompter made himself heard by every one, but the bewildered Malcolm, who still continued mute, every instant of his silence increasing ten fold his perplexity—Macduff whispered the words in his ear—Macbeth, who lay slaughtered at his feet, broke the bonds of death to assist his dumb successor, the prompter spoke almost to vociferation—Each Thane dead or alive joined his voice—but this was only "confusion worse confounded"—if he could have spoken, the amazed Prince might with great justice have said "so thanks to all at once"—but his utterance was gone *vox faucibus hæsit*—a hiss presently broke out in the pit, the clamor soon became general, and the curtain dropped amid a shout of universal disapprobation.

After this discomfiture, Cooper returned not a little humiliated to England. His friends Godwin and Holcroft, who were convinced that he possessed the requisites of a performer of eminence, sent him on a tour of improvement on the provincial theatres. They expected that he would thus acquire an acquaintance with the stage, and prepare himself for the theatres of the metropolis. An evil genius seemed still to preside over his wanderings.

He appeared to the managers in whose corps he was enlisted as a raw recruit who possessed no talents for the profession.

Characters of importance were considered utterly beyond his reach. Those of inferior rank he played without success, and he degenerated into a mere letter carrier. In this manner he murdered a few months, starving on a paltry salary, and then abandoning his irksome and degrading situation, travelled on foot to London.

Mr. Cooper's friends now abandoned the idea of practice on provincial stages; Mr. Holcroft again took him in hand, and selected some of Shakespeare's most

distinguished characters for his instruction. He made him recite passages, and would explain the nature of the characters, the situations in which they are placed, the passions by which they were influenced. Thus he taught him that great requisite of a performer to conceive the intention of the author, and enter into the feelings of the character.

After some months close attention, in which the extraordinary talents of his youthful pupil were rapidly evolved, he was thought ready for a first appearance. He accordingly at the early age of eighteen performed in one week the arduous characters of Hamlet and Macbeth, on the boards of Covent Garden, to overflowing houses, and with the most flattering applause.

On this subject we have heard that Mr. Tyler, at present of the New-York Theatre, had belonged to one of the provincial companies in which Cooper had held a very humble station. Mr. Tyler, forming other engagements with Mr. Hewry, quitted the British for the American stage. Shortly after his arrival he received a letter from one of his Thespian friends, who after regaling him with a variety of green-room history, added—"and now prepare yourself for an astonishment—that identical Mr. Cooper who a few months ago was playing the very underling characters at our theatre, and who appeared extremely incompetent, is now performing Hamlet with applause in London!"

After Mr. Cooper had met so favorable a reception from the London audience, he was offered a liberal engagement; but as he was not yet capable of sustaining a line of characters, he was expected to take such business as he was able to perform. This engagement he declined. "*Aut Cæsar aut nullis*" seems to have been already his object, and he refused any secondary situation. He accordingly retired to the country where he employed himself in cultivating his dramatic talent.

Shortly after this period, Mr. Wignell, who had visited England to raise a reinforcement for the Philadelphia company, heard of him. He immediately entered into a negotiation which was promptly concluded, and in a few days from its commencement Mr. Cooper was on the Atlantic voyaging to America.

The Philadelphians were slow in discovering his merits. His line of acting interfered with that of their favorite performers, and as he had many careless and some dissipated habits he was far from being a favorite. This was particularly evidenced at his benefit, for which there were only a few seats taken.

This did not affect Cooper's pocket, for his benefit was guaranteed to a certain amount by his engagement with the managers. It however affected his pride and he was determined to avoid the disgrace attendant on a "beggary account of empty boxes." He therefore closed the bargain for sixty dollars with the man who owned the Elephant. Play bills were posted up in all directions, advertising in letters of the largest size, that the Elephant would be introduced on the stage; curiosity was all alive, and Cooper, aided by his Elephant was honored with an overflow.

When the winter campaign had closed, the company made a summer excursion to New-York. The circus was fitted up for the purpose, and the most admirable acting ever witnessed in America was there exhibited.

Cooper, Fennel, Moreton, Harwood, and Bernard were the most prominent male performers, and Mrs. Merry, sustained the heroine in a style of great perfection. The season opened with Venice Preserved, in which Cooper, as Pierre, made an indelible impression on the audience. A coldness had for some time subsisted between him and the manager; which induced a wish to change his situation. His engagement bound him in a penalty of about 2,000 dollars, but this it was alleged had been already broken on the manager's part. In short the sum was subscribed by a number of gentlemen, who engaged to advance it if necessary, and Mr. Cooper was transferred to the New-York Theatre.

With the exception of one season, in which he was at Philadelphia where he also became a great favorite, Mr. Cooper continued in New-York till January 1803. He then received an invitation from London. Kemble had quarrelled with Drury Lane Theatre, and left it and gone on a tour to the continent of Europe. Cooper was invited to come if

he felt confidence for the attempt, and was proffered Kemble's situation, if it should appear that he could sufficiently satisfy the town.

He accordingly went but did not succeed in London equal to the expectation of his friends. His performances were received with much applause, but the people there having formed their taste on the acting of Cooke and Kemble, or from his real inferiority to those gentlemen, did not consider him equal to their favorites. He has since been performing, for a few nights at Liverpool, with great eclat.

Mr. Cooper is rather above the middle size, well proportioned, with a handsome and expressive countenance, fine form, intelligent eye, and a voice admirably adapted to the stage. He excels in the weightier characters of the drama; while in those of a secondary nature he is generally careless and indifferent. His performance is particularly distinguished for chasteness, character and energy.

Philad. Lit. Mag.

A WIFE WANTED!!!

The following curious Advertisement appeared in the Charleston Times of the 9th instant—

A YOUNG MAN,

NATIVE of a pleasant part of New-England, having no objections to enter upon a *Married Life*, hereby makes known his intentions to the young ladies of Carolina. He is about twenty five years of age, of decent possessions and fair prospects—can produce unsuspected character—other particulars to be expressed on personal interview: to approach which, he suggests the following method; The lady whose attention may be excited by these proposals is desired to drop a billet, into the box of the Post-office, addressed to A. B. in which she will declare so much of her mind, as is necessary to hint the first avowal of an honorable courtship. She will also prescribe her fictitious address together with the time and place at which he may deposit a letter of more explicit contents.—This correspondence may be continued at pleasure of parties,

until, by reciprocal understanding, they may assign an interview.—As his propositions are religiously sincere, he expects that hers also will be such, as far as she thinks to proceed. He pledges the honor of a gentleman that whatever may be her professions and disclosures he will observe the utmost diplomatic silence, and unremitting secrecy. She will be indulged (at any stage of the addresses) in suspending the correspondence whenever she chuses. Attention, in conformity to the above, shall be strictly paid, for the space of fourteen days from the date.

Though an introduction to the acquaintance of a companion, so novel and unprecedented, may wear with many a theatrical appearance, the writer is conscious of nothing, why it may not be perfectly consistent with every object of Courtship. As advertisements of this kind, though really sincere, are too often viewed as mere scenes of mock gallantry, he tenders his assurances, that this *bona-fide* will be supported with serious intention, and unaffected candor. He begs, moreover, that the Lady who cannot otherwise be convinced would so respect the proposition above stated, as to make an introductory experiment, insulated at her own pleasure with caution and reserve.

COMPLIMENTS.

THE witty and licentious earl of Rochester meeting with the great Dr. Isaac Barrow in the Park, told his companions he would have some fun with the rusty old put. Accordingly, he went up with great gravity, and taking off his hat, made the doctor a profound bow, saying, Dr. I am your's to my shoe tie. The doctor seeing his drift, immediately pulled off his beaver, and returned the bow, with, my lord I am yours to the ground.—Rochester followed up his salutation by a deeper bow, saying, Dr. I am yours to the centre. Barrow with a very lowly obeisance, replied, my lord I am your's to the antipodes. His lordship nearly gravelled, exclaimed, Dr. I am your's to the lowest pit of hell. There, my lord (said Barrow sarcastically) I leave you, and walked off.

FALSE SENTIMENT.

THERE is a refined jargon, which has infested letters, and tainted morals, unknown to our plain ancestors, called *sentiment*, which is the varnish of virtue to conceal the deformity of vice; and it is not uncommon for the same persons to make a jest of religion, to break through the most solemn ties and engagements to practise every art of latent fraud and seduction, and yet to value themselves on speaking and writing sentimentally.

Error is never likely to do so much mischief as when it disguises its real tendency, and puts on an engaging and attractive appearance. Many a young woman who would be shocked at the imputation of an intrigue, is extremely flattered at the idea of a sentimental connection, though perhaps with a dangerous and designing man. Such an engagement will be infinitely dearer to her vanity, than an avowed and authorised attachment.

In order to maintain the sentimental character with dignity and propriety, a woman entertains the most elevated ideas of disproportionate alliances, and disinterested love; and considers fortune, rank, and reputation as mere chimerical distinctions and vulgar prejudices. And among the many smooth mischiefs of sentiment, it is one of its sure and successful frauds to affect the most frigid indifference to those external and pecuniary advantages, which it is its great and real object to obtain.

A sentimental girl very rarely entertains any doubts of her personal beauty; for she has been daily accustomed to contemplate it herself, and to hear it from others. She will not, therefore, be very solicitous for the confirmation of a truth so self-evident; but she suspects her pretensions to understanding are more likely to be disputed; and for that reason, greedily devours every compliment offered to those perfections which are less obvious, and more refined. She is persuaded that men need only open their eyes to decide on her beauty; while it will be the most convincing proof of the taste, sense, and elegance of her admirer, that he can discern, and flatter those qualities in her.

This latent but leading foible forms a clue to the heart; directed by this the lover affects to overlook that beauty

which attracts common eyes; while he bestows the most delicate praises on the beauties of the mind; and finishes the climax of adulation by hinting she is superior to it.

These sublime attachments, if they end not in seduction, seldom conclude delightfully, even though they should terminate in the vulgar catastrophe of marriage. The visionary heaven soon fleets away, and the deluded goddess is shocked to find herself stripped of all her celestial attributes. She now beholds herself of less importance in the esteem of the man she has chosen, than any other mere mortal woman.

No longer she is gratified with the tear of counterfeited passion, the sigh of dissembled rapture, or the language of premeditated adoration. No longer is the altar of her vanity loaded with the oblations of fictitious fondness, the incense of falsehood, or the sacrifice of flattery. Her apotheosis is ended!—She feels herself degraded, from the dignities and privileges of a goddess, to all the imperfections, vanities, and weaknesses of a slighted woman, and a neglected wife. Her faults, which were so lately overlooked, or mistaken for virtues, are now set in a note book. The passion, which was vowed eternal, lasted only a few short weeks; and the indifference which was so far from being included in the bargain, that it was not so much as suspected, follows them through the whole tiresome journey of their insipid, vacant, and joyless existence.

VOLUPTUARY.

THE corrupted temper, and the guilty passions of the bad, frustrate the effect of every advantage which the world confers on them.—The world may call them men of pleasure; but of all men they are the greatest foes to pleasure; from their eagerness to grasp; they strangle and destroy it—riotous indulgence enervates both the body and the mind: so that in the midst of his studied refinement the voluptuary languishes.

Wherever guilt mingles with prosperity, a certain gloom and heaviness enter along with it. Vicious intrigues never fail to entangle, and embarrass

those who engage in them;—besides, the selfish gratifications of the bad are both narrow in their circle, and short in their duration.

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, April 27, 1805.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city inspector reports the deaths of 86 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

OF CONSUMPTION 15—convulsions 3—apoplexy 1—casualty 1 (a young man who died in consequence of a cart having run over him) dropsy 1—dysentery 1—typhus fever 2—hives 2—inflammation of the lungs 1—inflammation of the bowels 1—influenza 1—old age 1—pleurisy 1—rupture 1—still born 1—sudden death 1—suicide 1—and 1 of teething.

Of whom 16 were men—11 women 6 boys—and 3 girls.

Of the whole number 4 were of and under the age of 1 year—2 between 1 and 2—2 between 2 and 5—2 between 10 and 20—9 between 20 and 30—8 between 30 and 40—3 between 40 and 50—2 between 50 and 60—1 between 60 and 70—2 between 70 and 80—and 1 between 80 and 90.

The number of letters put into the different Twopenny Post Offices on Valentine's Day, (14th February last,) in London, amounted to 80,000 which was 20,000 more than in 1804; the postage of which was 666l. 13s. 4d.

A person who calls himself Miller was apprehended in this city on Monday, and after an examination at the police office was committed to bridewell, on a charge of having robbed a gentleman of his pocket book, containing nearly two thousand dollars, at an auction room in Philadelphia on Friday last. Information of this circumstance has been forwarded to the Governor of Pennsylvania.



MARRIED,

On Saturday evening Mr. Gurdon Buck, merchant, to Miss Susan Manwaring, both of this city.

On Saturday evening, Mr. John H. Falman, Merchant, to Miss Sally Someryndyck, daughter of John Someryndyck, deceased.

On Friday evening, last week, Mr. Albert Ogden, to Miss Jane Haight.

On Monday evening, capt. John Byron, to Miss Ann Japhie, daughter of capt. Paul Japhie, of this city.

At Red Hook, on the 14th inst. Mr. Cornelius Villie, late of this city, to Miss Maria Heermance, of that place.

On Monday evening, Marvin Wait, esq. of New-London, to Miss Harriet Saltanfall, late of this city.

On Wednesday evening, Mr. Thomas H. Vail, merchant, to Miss Maria Lawrence, both of this city.



DIED,

At Groves, near Athury, (Eng.) of a short illness, MR. DEMS GOOROSKE, of Ballingdangin, aged one hundred and seventeen; a truly honest man, he retained his faculties to the last. He was married seven times, and when married to the last wife he was 93 years old. By them all, he had 48 children, 236 grand children, 944 great grand children, and 25 great great grand children, the oldest of whom is four years—and his own youngest son, (by his last wife) is about 18 years old.

On Friday last week, Mrs. Amy Hand, wife of capt. Isaac Hand.

In Portsmouth, the hon. John Pickering, esq. L. L. D. aged 69; a member of the Humane Society, at Boston, and of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.

In Halifax, (Vt.) of a putrid Malignant fever, Feb. 16, Freeman, son of Mr. Abel Scott, aged 4 years; on the 27th,

Widow Sarah Scott, aged 59. March 6th, Reuben, son of Mr. Abel Scott, aged 6 years; on the 9th, Ruby, daughter of Widow Scott, aged 16; on the 20th, Polly, wife of Mr. Abel Scott, aged 31: all residing in one house. Also, March 3d, Cynthia, daughter of Mr. Thomas Scott, aged 1 year, and 10 months. Thus, Mr. Scott is left to mourn, not only the death of his worthy and affectionate consort, but the bereavement of all his children, save one little daughter, not yet two years old. Also, an only surviving and affectionate parent and an amiable sister, and brother's daughter. The house is left to him desolate.—The scene is mournful.—The change is awfully solemn. But a few weeks, health and sprightliness beamed in every countenance—love and friendship animated every heart. They were happy in the company of each other, and in the society of their friends:—But, alas! the sad reverse!

THEATRE.

ON MONDAY EVENING, April 29,
WILL BE PRESENTED,
A CELEBRATED DRAMA, in 5 acts,
called, the
CASTLE SPECTRE.

Osmond,	Mr. Cromwell.
Reginald,	Hallam.
Percy,	Darley.
Father Philip,	Hogg.
Motley,	Shapter.
Kenrick,	Hallam, jr.
Hassan,	Tyler.
Saib,	Bailey.
Muley,	Robinson.
Alaric,	Ringwood.
Evelina,	Mrs. Hallam.
Alice,	Hogg.
Angela,	Johnson.

TO WHICH WILL BE ADDED,
A FARCE, in two ACTS, called,
The Honest Thieves.

Scales, Weights, & Measures.
ABRAHAM CARGILL,
PUBLIC SEALER OF WEIGHTS, MEASURES, SCALE BEAMS, & YARDS,
No. 250, Water-street.

Four doors West of Peck Slip;
Where he continues to carry on his Manufactory of Tin, Copper, Brass, and Sheet Iron, Ware; and keeps on hand, a general assortment of Scales, Weights, and Measures, with a variety of Japanned, Pewter, and Hollow Ware.
N. B. Weights and Measures Adjusted and Sealed.
A short notice.

W. S. TURNER,

—Informs his friends and the public, that he has removed from Dry-Street to No. 15, PARK, near the Theatre; where he practices PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST.

He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature, and so neat in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural.—His method also of CLEANING the TEETH is generally approved of, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel.—In the most raging TOOTH-ACHE his TINCTURE has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the DECAY is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting CARIOUS TEETH upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any gentleman or lady at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 15, PARK, where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own from chymical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years; and many medical characters both use and recommend it, as by a constant application of it, the TEETH become beautifully white, the GUMS are braced, and assume a firm and healthful red appearance, the loosened TEETH are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of TARTAR, together with DECAY and TOOTH-ACHE prevented.

The TINCTURE and POWDER may likewise be had at G. & R. Waite's store, No. 64, Maiden-lane.

VALUABLE INFORMATION

to those who are subject to the Tooth-ach.

BARDWELL'S Tooth-ach drops, the only Medicine yet discovered which gives immediate relief from this tormenting pain.

Since this efficacious medicine was first made public, many thousand persons have experienced its salutary effects. The following recent case is selected from a numerous list.

Extract of a letter recently received.

Gentlemen,

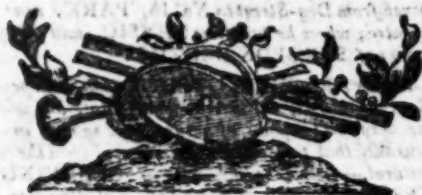
"I had been tormented with the most excruciating pain in my teeth and face for nearly two months, and could obtain no relief from various medicines which I tried. Being strongly recommended to try Bardwell's Tooth-Ache Drops, I procured a bottle, and applied them according to the directions, and also bathed the side of my face with them, which was exceeding sores, occasioned by the long continuance of violent pain. In a few minutes after I applied this valuable medicine, the pain entirely ceased, and has never troubled me since. I feel real pleasure in making this acknowledgment of their merit, not only in compliment to you for so happy a discovery, but to insure the public confidence in a medicine so highly deserving, and from which mankind are likely to derive such eminent services. It is certainly the most efficacious medicine I ever heard of. You have my permission to make this letter public.

ELIZABETH CASEMORE,

No. 15, Thomas-Street, New-York."

Sold by appointment at Messrs. Ming & Young's, No. 102 Water-Street, Mr. Lawrence Bowers, 433 Pearl-street, & wholesale and retail at Stokes & Co's Medicine Warehouse No. 20 Boney-Lane.

Price One Dollar.



From the Boston Gazette.

CANTING.

THOUGH most men are different, yet each man-kind through,

And all have a *Cant*, in whatever they do—

"Mam, examine that Muslin," the *Shopkeeper* says,
Who has retail'd in Cornhill, such things all his days,
"Tis as fine as a hair, and as thick as a board,
And more money, in London cost, Mam.—on my word."

Thus praising their goods they all lie and rant,
But never believe them—for 'tis but their *cant*.

Call the *Doctor*, and lo! he puts on a grave face,
"Hem, Sir, I assure you, a very bad case;
I should have been sent for before; but no doubt
My skill and my pills the disease can drive out."
Of his wonderful cures too, much he will vaunt,
Perhaps true, perhaps not, 'tis only his *cant*.

Apply to the *Lawyer*, behold he will quote
What my lord Coke has stated, or *Littleton* wrote!
He will prate of *replevins*, *demurrers* and *cost*.
"And an action so managed can never be lost,"
Then continuations and proof he will want,
And will pocket his fee—for that is his *cant*.

The *Soldier* will tell you the perils he's seen,
The sieges and battles in which he has been;
Of the wounds he received and the feats he has done,
And no music to him like the roar of a gun.
A part of his story most fully we grant;
For the rest—a soldier sometimes has his *cant*.

The *Critic* will snarl—"that line is too long,
And the subject of this is too grave for a song."
Then the style—"oh 'tis flat"—the metre—"oh worse!"
"But put any thing now into verse."
To seek out a blunder or fault he will pant,
And cavil for words—for 'tis but his *cant*.

The *Author* exclaims, "'tis losing one's time,
To employ it in prose, or in fashioning rhyme;
If good, or if bad, yet still 'tis in vain,
For the author no money nor praise can obtain;
No judges of merit or taste are extant,
Are not all poets poor?—and that is his *cant*.

The *Coquette* will say, "I pray you be gone,
I ne'er was before with a man all alone;
Lord what will the world say; I hate you, so go;
Nay, don't be affronted—I didn't mean so."
About *virtue* and *honor* too, much she will rant,
You all must allow a coquette has a *cant*.

The *Buck* he will yawn and cry what a bore,
"I ne'er saw the town half so stupid before;
I han't had a row for at least now four days,
And then so fatiguing are all our dull plays,
Then the girls—*dear* Jack, not a smile will now grant,
'Tis so cursed provoking"—and that's a buck's *cant*.

If you speak but of London, or any thing in't,
The fresh return'd *Traveller* quick takes the hint.
"Excuse me—'tis not so—I hope you'll allow,
Me right—for I've been there, and therefore must know."

Of the wonders he has seen too, much will he vaunt,
And most tiresome of all is the *traveller's cant*.

The *Quaker* is op'd, the *Patriot* rises,
"Repeal'd are our taxes and we've no excises;
We've no carriage duty, and ev'ry old woman,
Can ride in her chaise, and pay taxes to no man;
Now we can drink "New Rum," as much as we want!"
And such is the "now-a-days" *Patriot's cant*.

The *Editor* says, "lines to S." are on file,
"On sleep" is in rather to sleepy a style,
With personalities that never concern us,
And must therefore refuse the essay of "Alver-nus."
Of dulness like "R. T." we've never in want,
And much more he says—for 'tis but his *cant*.

ARCHI M'SARCASM,

EYES.

TELL me not of size or hue,
Jerry black, or asue blue,
Hazel, sober grey or brown;
If they're clouded by a frown,
And without expression fraught,
Or signs of reason and of thought,
They'll never please.

But, tho' sparkling with delight,
Or with sorrow dark as night;
Tho' their lustre's dimm'd by woe,
Or by bashfulness cast low;
If oft gem'd by Pity's tear,
Let their owner never fear—
They'll ever please.

CATCH.

At the late anniversary feast of the Musical Society, a new catch was sung, in which we find the following pun:

"I am unable, (yonder beggar cries,)
To stand or go." If he says true, he lies.



N. SMITH,

Chemical Perfumery from London, at the New York Hair Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel, Broad-Way.

Smith's improved Chemical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly-improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 9s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chaps, leaves them quite smooth; 2s.—4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

LITERATURE.

The subscriber respectfully informs his employers and the public in general, that he will continue his School at No. 17 Banker-Street as usual; and will open another the first of May, in that spacious, airy and beautiful House and Situation, on the corner of Grand and Orchard-Streets, now occupied by Mr. Whippo. He has employed persons to assist him in teaching, whose abilities are adequate to the task of teaching English Literature in its various branches. The subscriber will superintend both schools, and make it the top of his ambition to render instruction particularly useful to employers, and reciprocally discharge his duty in every respect relating to Science, Morality and the civil deportment of his pupils. The subscriber purports living at the last mentioned House, and can accommodate several genteel boarders, the house being very roomy, and therewith a beautiful yard of five lots of ground covered with grass, and shaded with cherry and peach trees.

W. D. LEZELL.

N. B. The subscriber writes Deeds, Mortgages, Indentures, Wills, Leases, Re-leases, Powers, Bonds, &c. &c. on the most reasonable terms.

W. D. LEZELL,

No. 17, Banker-Street, New-York.

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